

The CANADIAN FORUM

An Independent Journal of Opinion and the Arts

The Imagination of James Thurber

Kenneth MacLean

► THURBER BELONGS very much to the East. Educated in Ohio, he has always been strongly under eastern influences. His family background has Virginia on his mother's side, and New England on the father's. The more Mr. Thurber becomes annoyed these days with McCarthyism and its attack on "un-American" writers, the more diligent and furious becomes his Eastern genealogical enquiry. He is living now in Connecticut, and this year Yale gave him an honorary degree. His writings have always appealed to the East and to the East's English cousins. Satirist that he is, he speaks a civility, a confidence in human things that is at once a statement of intelligence and imagination. The humor of this light spirit has very little affinity with the rough old Colt-action humor of the West. Thurber is harsh and blunt in his account of the ugliness and the well-merited frustration of every-day American life. He loves to show Americans that what they have got won't work, and started doing this, with E. B. White as ally, in that timely book for the Twenties, *Is Sex Necessary?* But beyond Thurber's harsh ends there is always the enlightening, the free, and in terms very close to Impressionism, the beautiful. He is always for us what the electric welder in the street appeared to him to be, "a radiant fool setting off a sky-rocket by day." His extreme difficulties with his sight have contributed, in every touch of his language and pen, to his vision.

The drawings are very nearly the complete Thurber epigram. White tells of finding these so-called doodlings in Mr. Thurber's wastebasket in the *New Yorker* office, saving them, inking them, and finally getting them published. To look at the Thurber drawing is to look at an American living room where nothing will work, neither lamp nor marriage. We see life attacked and defeated. In attack patterns we find one sex destroying the dream of the other. Most familiar figure in the drawings is an oversized female who shoots guns and swings golf clubs with a great swish. The misogyny we may immediately read in Thurber must be modified to an understanding that his trouble with woman comes only when she ceases to be a woman and becomes a man. To be seen in her true light this corrupted creature needs to be stuffed and placed crouching on top of a bookcase. But the male is nearly as aggressive, and is capable of

drawing his finger across the shiny surface of an imagination. The female is as often checked by the man's failure to accept her dream. "We're all disenchanted." In any case, the tight centre of a Thurber sketch, where the chairs are drawn together, is a mood of congested defeat. It has the tightness of auto jams, of linked bumpers. Sometimes we come to this tight spot by no way of attack or incompatibility, but simply by having touched one of our own bad thoughts, all alone. This is most dreadful.

But from this central situation, where things won't work, we are given many a pleasant, pink-lit exit. The engaging (and one wants to add, the very lovely) thing about the Thurber sketch is its features of escape, its ways of freedom. The arrows of attack point sharply out of speared mouths, but they strike against images which can revert from this attack. Here is the suitcase (well battered) to carry one away. Here are old times we may escape to, with their old ways of dress. If the woman wears the helmet hat of the Twenties, the man, when not confined in the prison costume of his pajamas, is wearing the dress of many a day ago—Uncle Zenas' dress. He is wearing a flat straw hat, a bobtail cut-away, and always the bow tie. This will take us away. And

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Editorials

Trouble in Trieste

Ever since early May 1945 when upon the surrender of Field-Marshal von Kesselring's army in Northern Italy there ensued a wrangle between Slovene partisans and New Zealanders commanded by Gen. Sir Bernard Freyberg for the control of Trieste, the city with the adjoining 300 odd square miles of the Julian March has been a constant threat to international equilibrium on the Continent and beyond. That first unhappy incident was followed by others of which the latest has been the recent clash between British occupation forces and Italian rioters. The hopeless complexity of the present situation becomes comprehensible only if one looks at the record of eight years of Western vacillation and Communist mischief-making.

The original solution, an international régime for a Free Territory of Trieste administered by a governor appointed by the Security Council with the United Nations guaranteeing the integrity of the frontiers and footing the deficits, was a concession made by the Western powers to the Soviet Union in return for an early signing of the Italian peace treaty. From the Soviet point of view it had the virtue of preventing the Allies from handing the city to Italy. That the Russians never intended the international régime to be anything but a delaying tactic became apparent in 1947 when in the course of endless sessions they resolutely refused to accept any neutral candidate for the position of governor. Later, relations between Tito and Stalin having deteriorated, they found that they could make the maximum amount of trouble for the Western powers, Italy, and Yugoslavia simply by forcing the temporary arrangements of Allied Military Government run by an Anglo-American force in zone A, and temporary Yugoslav occupation in zone B to become permanent. So they did nothing.

Under the circumstances, the policy of the Western powers has to be described as something less than far-sighted. In 1948, after two years of unsuccessful attempts to get a governor appointed, and with the crucial Italian elections fast approaching, France, the United Kingdom, and the United States issued a declaration which to all intents and purposes promised Trieste and the surrounding area to Italy. In line with this promise more and more responsibility for the administration of zone A, the only area under Anglo-American control, has been handed over to the Italians. In the meantime, however, Tito's secession from the Communist block made living up to the declaration of 1948 more difficult than it had seemed at the time, the more so as it became evident that on the issue of Yugoslav nationalism the Marshal would be neither willing nor able to compromise with the West, since it was the very issue which led to his excommunication by the Cominform.

So much for history. The current flare-up has for its immediate background a speech by Marshal Tito, made on September 6th, in the course of which he proposed that zones A and B be handed over to Yugoslavia while the city of Trieste itself be placed under international control. The Italians, of course, have replied that the whole of the Free Territory, including the city itself, be turned over to Italy in line with the three-power declaration of 1948 and the nationalist aspirations of the Pella government. In the light of these events and the approaching elections in Yugoslavia, where the plebiscitarian aspects of dictatorship are taken seriously, the Anglo-American declaration of October 8th seems in retrospect a monument of ill-timed clumsiness. The

Anglo-American decision to pull out of zone A in favor of the Italians had simply brought a statement from Tito to the effect that if the Anglo-Americans pull out, the Yugoslavs will march in. The Italians retorted that they will resist and, further, that they demand zone B promised them in the declaration of 1948. The Russians, seeing a perfect chance to embarrass the West and court Tito at the same time, have immediately taken up the Yugoslav case in the U.N. and suddenly, after six years of opposition, agreed to the appointment of a governor, now that neither Italy nor Yugoslavia seem ready to accept an international régime for the Free Territory, and that Western commitments to Italy makes the revival of any such proposal very awkward indeed.

Hopes for some solution short of bloodshed must rest on a conference between the three Western powers, Italy and Yugoslavia. To arrange for such conference will not be easy since the Italians, who will not come unless zone A is given them first, and the Yugoslavs, who will come only if no such gift is made beforehand, both find it profitable to be unreasonable. The British seem to have misinterpreted the Yugoslav mood, despite the recent visits of high dignitaries to Yugoslavia, and the Americans are represented in Italy by the irredentist Mrs. Luce. Despite all this a conference of five must be convened. The outcome is impossible to predict. Two things remain clear: the price that Tito commands or can command elsewhere will be high and ought to be met since he is a worthwhile ally to the Western world; the horizon of Anglo-American policy in Europe simply must extend into the future further than six months ahead.

On Being Conservative

It should surprise no one that the Republican party has met with one or two sharp rebuffs at the polls, and that the popular enthusiasm for President Eisenhower is turning into bewilderment at his failure to provide leadership. The Republicans—and conservatives everywhere—function best out of office. They can oppose and reject, but it is not often that they propose and construct. Given the reins of power, their first instinct is to justify the status quo, even when that embodies a mass of legislation which they previously deplored. Thus the Republicans have so far failed to adopt a single important alternative to the previous Administration's policies, other than to turn the tides over to the states, an act which stemmed from Republican dogma rather than constitutional principle. There is no evidence that the

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American welfare state is to be altered—much less retracted—in any important respect, any more than the welfare states of Britain and Australia have been significantly altered by the Tories. It remains for the West's conservatives to conserve until the next phase of economic and social change calls forth the imagination and adaptability of parties further to the left.

It is a curious and arresting fact that conservative parties generally contain the bulk of the people who in other aspects of life are anything but conservative. Most of the industrial and commercial inventiveness of the United States, of the dynamic drive to destroy old ways of building mousetraps in order to make room for new ones, of the restless urge to buy, sell, eat, see and feel something new, probably comes from citizens who always vote Republican. Why then do these same people have a horror of new political machinery? Probably it is a question of the breadth of view in which the imagination is free to operate. The industrialist may very well grasp the technical significance of, say, the potential use of atomic energy in industry, because the problem confronts him in a concrete form. The larger issue—as to whether the sources of atomic power should be publicly or privately controlled—may escape him altogether, because it is foreign to his experience and level of thought. In political life he tends to assume that what is, is good.

But conservatives are neither more stupid, more insincere, nor more self-regarding than any other political class of people. They are simply, in their grasp of contemporary social history, less imaginative. The American people, having discerned this, will probably dismiss them from office shortly. In the meantime, the Republicans will have performed one indispensable function of a balanced democracy, which is to force a pause while the country digests what it has swallowed and studies the menu for the next course.

Witness

Anyone who imagines that the Supreme Court of Canada has boldly defended civil liberties in the recent decision regarding the Jehovah's Witnesses in Quebec will be sadly disappointed on reading the judgments. It is true that Laurier Saumur won his case by a majority of five to four, and he is therefore not obliged to conform to the Quebec City Bylaw requiring permission from the Chief of Police before any literature is distributed on the streets. In this sense a freedom was protected, and no doubt this is what has misled the press and the public. But the only reason on which Mr. Justice Kerwin decided the issue (and his vote was decisive) was that a city bylaw could not contravene the express provisions of the Freedom of Worship Act in Quebec. He agreed with the three Quebec justices and with Judge Cartwright that the bylaw itself was otherwise valid. This is to say, the majority of our Supreme Court Judges did not see anything unconstitutional in a province authorizing municipalities to entrust the Chief of Police with the censorship of literature distributed on the streets. The great issue as to whether the fundamental human freedoms such as freedom of religion, the press, and the rest, are matters of national importance to be affected only by federal legislation in the criminal law, or whether they are merely matters of local importance falling under "Property and Civil Rights" in each province appears in grave danger of being settled, if it is not already settled, in favor of the latter parochial view. If this is so, then "thought control," so beloved of certain elements in Canada, becomes a provincial matter. It would be perhaps unwise to deduce from these judgments (seven different judgments were delivered, each with its own set of reasons) just what will happen in a future case, but Can-

adians who have believed there was something in their system of government which could save them from the denial of freedom which is only too likely to occur if there are no constitutional safeguards to control provincial legislatures, had better reexamine their premises and take some steps to organize to defend their ancient liberties. The lower the level of government on which human freedoms rest, the more likely they are to be swept away by waves of opinion which at a given moment obtain a local majority. Just how serious the present trend in Quebec has already become can be seen in the fact that even federal candidates in the recent national elections were compelled in some municipalities to submit their campaign literature to local police chiefs for approval before they were allowed door to door distribution. A lengthy analysis would be needed to explain how members of the Supreme Court of Canada could arrive at the conclusion that religion is on the same constitutional level as laws relating to private property rights, municipal institutions, and tavern licenses, but the constitutional interpretation which has so drastically changed the original ideas of confederation, and which runs so directly contrary to the development of Canada's international status, seems to have brought us to this astonishing position.

Dylan Thomas

The artist who died young and uncompleted was an important part of the nineteenth century aesthetic myth. Chatterton, Keats, Shelley, Mozart and Schubert were the norm; whereas artists who wrote themselves out (Wordsworth) or went on developing from achievement to achievement (Verdi) or simply stopped when they had made enough money (Rossini) were sports of nature, although the end of the century saw a good many of them. But what was beyond the pale in the nineteenth century myth has become the norm for the modern artist, who generally lives long and "fulfils himself in many ways." Something of the myth has been lost, despite Rilke or Lorca, and even the suicide of Hart Crane in the thirties did little to revive it. But if there is any modern poet who might be for modern English poetry what Chatterton or Keats was for the Romantic period, it is surely Dylan Thomas, whose death at the age of thirty-nine is a great loss to literature. His poetry was so often criticized as potential poetry, pointing toward a fulfillment that the actual poems never managed to encompass. He had, we have often been told, the makings of a great poet. This is a dubious compliment, and the aesthetic behind it may be still more dubious; we should, no doubt, be more concerned with what he did make, and the high quality of a good deal of it; but what we are likely to see is the birth of a legend. Fortunately, things will hardly stop there, and a reasonable prediction is that the next twenty years will see more people reading, studying and writing about Dylan Thomas than any other English poet since Auden.

Union for Democratic Socialism

In March of this year a group of trade unionists and prominent intellectuals of the United States formed a new organization called the Union for Democratic Socialism. In their "Statement of Principles" they express their belief that

"1—The good society can best be described as a fellowship of free men and free nations. It cannot be achieved as a by-product of the individual pursuit of private profit. It requires the conscious cooperation of men and nations.

2—There can be no effective cooperation without a high degree of planning for the conquest of war, poverty, and all forms of tyranny.

- 3—In such planning, the state necessarily must play a very great part, but only the state which is the servant of men and never their master or god. Socialism must present itself as the fulfillment of democracy, insistent that the state and all its institutions be kept under democratic control.
- 4—Questions of who should own what and why will be basic in our inquiry. They are not to be answered by dogmatic absolutes. We recognize a diversity of forms of ownership including public, cooperative and private ownership. But we are fully persuaded that the natural resources upon which our common life depends should be the property of the people and not of the few. We believe that where monopolies make for the more efficient production and distribution of goods there is a *prima facie* case that such monopolies should be socially owned and controlled. We recognize that cooperatives as well as state agencies will have a function in the extension of social ownership under democratic control."

Chairman of the organization is Norman Thomas. Among the sponsors are Robert J. Alexander, Seymour M. Lipset and Upton Sinclair.

George S. Patterson

All who knew Dr. George S. Patterson well or even casually, must have felt a real sense of personal loss when the word reached them recently of his sudden death. And this is not surprising, for despite his significant career, first as a YMCA secretary working with the youth of Japan, later as a YMCA leader in Canada, and finally, since 1943, as a member of the country's foreign service, it is for what he was himself that he will be longest remembered.

One thinks of many things about him: his gracious charm, his invariable kindness toward those he dealt with in every walk of life, his simplicity and utter disregard of pomp and circumstance, his integrity and disinterestedness. Searching for some means of summing up his character one recalls the "moral thoughtfulness" of which Matthew Arnold spoke. Dr. Patterson's mind was constantly probing the big questions of social living and a conversation with him about politics or every day affairs seldom remained on the level of mere events and personalities. Prepared to act when the occasion required it and to do so with vigor and courage, he spent more time than most men in reflecting on his experience which saved him to the end from rigidity both in his ideas and beliefs. It also led him step by step to greater wisdom and tolerance. Add to this his native modesty and broad human sympathies and it is not difficult to understand why he had the respect and affection of so many people.



Twenty-five Years Ago

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John Hornby, of all men, demonstrated over a long period, and for years at a stretch, that the barren grounds could be made self-supporting. He had shown that it was possible to master a knowledge of the routes followed by the caribou, and the haunts of game; and with a rifle and ammunition to travel backwards and forwards. The severity of his training will never be known, but he did show that by thorough schooling, a very strong, wiry individual like himself, could come through winter after winter. We may venture the conclusion that his experiment was successful. Many of those who know the country will object, and will cite the final tragedy as conclusive evidence. Against this objection it must be said that twenty years in the North country is a long period, and a man approaching fifty years of age is under obvious handicaps. Moreover, he had with him two inexperienced men who were not inured to the hardships of the country, and who in a period of stress would undoubtedly become serious burdens. Against this combination, even Hornby with all his skill, would be unable to survive, especially if game were unusually scarce. It may be granted that the difficulties of living off the country are great, but Hornby, if any man, proved that it could be done, not among the Eskimos of the Western Arctic Coast, but in the interior of the barren grounds. It is to be hoped that Hornby's achievement will be recognized in a tangible way, not only as a tribute to the individual, but also to the significance of his work for Canada, which eventually brought about his death.

Canadian Calendar

Canada's air defence network will go into full operation within the next few months, Air Marshal C. R. Slemon, RCAF Chief of Staff, announced. He added that its standards of vigilance will be such that improperly identified planes blundering into the radar web will run the risk of jet attack.

The government turned down an application of Canadian Pacific Air Lines for a license to carry freight between Montreal and Vancouver, ruling that it would not be in the public interest at this time to permit competition for Trans-Canada Air Lines.

British Columbia's industrial giant is still growing as millions of dollars are fed into its expansion and development. The opening in October of the \$93,000,000 Edmonton-to-Vancouver oil pipe lines accentuated the growth as new pulp and paper plants, plywood and lumber mills, hydro-electric and aluminum productions, oil refineries and manufacturing projects still mushroomed.

Liquor profits made by provincial governments during the fiscal year ended nearest to March 31 soared to \$121,293,000 from \$111,863,000 the previous year.

The Canadian National Ballet (under the direction of Celia Franca) will start a transcontinental tour on Nov. 16, which will take it from Halifax to Victoria, visiting en route the main Canadian cities and towns and also Buffalo, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Portland and Seattle. The western part of the tour (starting from Montreal in January) will take three months.

Mrs. Nancy Hodges, of Victoria, B.C., has been appointed British Columbia's first woman member of the senate.

Miss Betty-Jean Hagen, 23-year old Canadian violinist (born in Edmonton) captured the Carl Flesch medal in a contest in London, England, against ten competitors from South Africa, Britain, France, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Italy and the U.S.A. * * *

According to Mr. Warrender, Ontario's Planning and Development Minister, on his return from a tour of Britain and Germany, British investments in Canada are expected to be \$150,000,000 next year, five times this year's total. * * *

Principal Cyril James of McGill University claimed, in a brief to the Quebec Royal Commission on Constitutional Problems, that it is vital that Quebec universities be allowed to receive federal grants. (The Quebec Government declared such to be unacceptable for 1952-53 on the ground that they were an invasion of political autonomy.) * * *

Miss Shirley Thomas, 18-year-old Ottawa girl, won the International Goodwill Challenge Trophy at the official opening of the 65th National Horse Show in Madison Square Gardens, New York. * * *

A big upsurge in food prices, coupled with lesser increases for a large group of other items, brought living costs to a near-record level in September. The Oct. 1 figure of 116.7 was the highest in seventeen months. * * *

In spite of Ottawa's protests, the government has decided to go ahead with the original plan to relocate the National Film Board in the Montreal suburb of Ville St. Laurent. * * *

According to well-informed sources Canada will slash tariffs on Japanese goods in the next few months when a fair

trade pact between the two countries will be ready for signing. * * *

Canada's first university school to educate men and women especially for careers in the public service was formally opened at Carleton College in Ottawa on Oct. 23. The new School of Public Administration, made possible by a grant of \$200,000 from the Atkinson Charitable Foundation, was opened by Hon. John W. Pickersgill, secretary of state, who predicted it would become an important source of recruits for the government services. * * *

In September there was a government deficit of \$88,092,000, the biggest one-month deficit to occur in any early or mid-year month for some time. * * *

More visitors than ever before flocked into Canada this year. They numbered 6,000,000 and left a quarter of a billion dollars in the country. * * *

Mr. Ray Lawson, Canadian Consul-General in New York, urges erection of a Canada House in New York—a \$5,000,000 eighteen-story building to house most Canadian enterprises there under one roof. * * *

Donald Gordon, president of the Canadian National Railways, outlined to a press conference at Montreal a project in which the CNR and private enterprises would jointly erect a modern transportation, hotel, business and shopping centre in the heart of Montreal. It would cover an area twice as large as Rockefeller Centre's 11.4 acres in New York. * * *

Mr. Rhys M. Sale, president of the Ford Motor Co. of Canada, speaking at the fall convocation of the University of



News Item: (Moscow, Nov. 17)—The tomb of Lenin and Stalin opened to the public today. Honored workers and officials were the first admitted.

British Columbia on Oct. 30 and announcing the award of twenty-one four-year university scholarships to be made over the next three years to children of company employees, deplored the fact that Canadians spend a great deal less on education than on motor-cars.

During October, University College, Toronto, celebrated the centennial of its founding in 1853.

Canada and Asia

►AS NATIONS DEVELOP so they need a myth. One of the necessary ingredients is a consciousness of the nation's role—preferably messianic—in the world. Reports of international conferences since the war have indicated that Canada is developing this necessary attribute; attendance this summer in the Canadian organized World University Service seminar in Mysore in South India convinced me that this is so. The historic position of arbiter and moderator in the English-speaking world between the two great imperialist powers is being projected into a wider sphere. I had heard that Canadians were already moderating between Europeans and Americans, being themselves neither one nor the other. This summer I saw the function in operation: in Asia the United States is the most unpopular nation so again there is a job of explaining for the Canadian to do. Soon the Canadian student was on good terms with everybody. The Asians were only one generation younger than we in the transition "from Colony to Nation"; they too have suffered from the oppressive British and then from the exploiting, materialist American. What a pity that Canada was so slow off the mark, that when the United States stepped from the pedestal of being leader of the struggling colonial peoples, the torch should have been picked up by India! It would have been so much simpler to move the Statue of Liberty to the Lachine rapids, and so much more poetic—but perhaps the St. Lawrence was frozen.

At this seminar a non-Canadian, such as myself, found himself in an odd position. Constantly I was asked by British friends and Indians alike why Canadians had organized the seminar, what "interest" they had in South Asia. It was the same question that had been put to me in Canada when earlier I had tried to explain the Colombo Plan to business men's groups or to Women's Canadian Clubs.

If we can for a moment rise above self-interest, accept what nobody wishes to believe, the oneness of our world, and return to the seriousness concealed in the first paragraph, Canada has a value for Asia. The greater friendliness of Canadian diplomatic missions is scoring in India and Ceylon over the cold, established ways of the British officials of the Commonwealth Relations Office, who are not career diplomats anyway. Canadians can start with a clean slate, can work from the vantage point of being unknown, perhaps even of being unheard of before, so that they are greeted with a simple friendly curiosity. The Canadian High Commissioner's office, with its loyal picture of the Queen, can put a new and valuable idea of the Commonwealth for the nations that Canada is helping through the Colombo Plan. Then the Canadian experience itself has, sometimes surprisingly enough, a relevance for Asia.

Perhaps this was first noted in Mysore when students found themselves in June writing home and sympathizing with parents for sweltering in the heat of Ottawa or Toronto. Later some went to the Nilgiri hills to find summer cottages of a familiar style. In fact here were two continental peoples meeting: there were some elements for understanding not present in the island-born Englishman from his temperate

unvarying weather. Unlike the Englishman, the Canadian and the Indian can understand each other as peoples who have to strive against nature, rugged in its scenery and in its heat.

The relevance of Canada to Asia was further scored when Dean Lévesque, one of the directors of the seminar, took part in a broadcast discussion on "The Place of English in the Universities of South Asia." After the Indian, the Pakistani and the Ceylon Tamil had discussed the necessities of keeping some place for English and had mentioned the difficulties from the rising tide of nationalism with its demand for the use of the national language, the French Canadian could reply "We have solved our problem." The survival of the French language and culture in a predominantly English-speaking continent has a lesson for Asia. While it is a lesson of survival, proud and creative, it appeared in the seminar to have another facet: those French Canadians who could express themselves fluently in English had something of importance to say. They spoke from a new point of view and often from a depth of conviction unknown to the other non-Asians. Asia needs not only to preserve her soul against the West but also to keep for herself that fluency in English that will enable her to be heard in her turn.

Her voice will become increasingly one of difference from the West. Already it is the nations of the West who are "different" who make the most appeal: the Yugoslav who is neither Russian Communist nor capitalist democrat. Again Canada can respond. She is not a great power but inside her boundaries there is more than one conception of the state. Quebec, in giving a place to God in political thought, may have some meaning for the hot discussions of the Islamic state in Pakistan. Western democracy *tout court* is not enough in Asia today. Canada has, in a lesser degree, some of the problems of the plural societies of Asia, yet she has produced a democratic state. Sitting and talking in Colombo one may be conscious of the necessity to change from a family compact to an interracial partnership.

It would seem that the recent industrialization of the province of Quebec, the impact of the new mining areas, may make for fruitful comparisons with India. Because Quebec has preserved an ancient culture and a closely-knit social order until the twentieth century, the discussions of her problems may have a certain relevance for a continent which is itself only now under the impact of development plans.

However, this interchange of ideas, this exchange of experiences is rare. While the World University Service achieved it for a brief moment this summer we could be depressed even there by the inward-looking nature of the Indian students. Many, especially of the Praja Socialist Party, would appear overwhelmed by India's present problems, would demand an ending of Nehru's international leadership and a turning in upon India to solve her own problems first. They would seem to wish to imitate the least desirable part of Quebec's nationalism, her North American isolationism, and reject the creative role which India, under Gandhi and Nehru, has built up, the world-messianic mission without which a nation cannot live.

GEORGE BENNETT.

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

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Human Rights in Canada

Round One: FEP

Lloyd Harrington

► THE STRUGGLE TO BREATHE into the United Nations organization an international bill of rights that would effectively implement the human rights clauses of its Charter has admittedly bogged down. So long as no international agency exists with powers to police observance of human rights the adoption by the General Assembly of the 1948 Universal Declaration of Human Rights will remain but a well-meaning recommendation, lacking teeth or any legally binding character. In the long run the UN will succeed or fail precisely to that extent in which it succeeds or fails to bring about a comprehensive guarantee of basic freedoms on an international scale.

Dealing with this very theme, the eminent scholar and international affairs expert, Dr. Max Beer, has wisely asked, "... what is democracy except the guarantee of human rights?"¹ The nation that means business about human rights will do what it can do to guarantee basic liberties and rights at home as a gesture of its sincerity about them in the broader world community.

Canada's Parliament in 1953 has made that gesture. And made it, moreover, in a striking show of unanimity. The enactment of the *Canada Fair Employment Practices Act*—which came into force, significantly, on July 1st—is a human rights achievement. However discouraging the world situation may presently appear, Canadians are surely justified in facing 1954 with a measure of satisfaction.

The circumstances under which the federal FEP law was passed are such as to make for optimism. While the national act has but a limited application, its significance is unbounded. Canada today is a melting pot, as was the United States at the beginning of the century, and Canada has said, "We will not discriminate!" It could be, of course, that Canada's politicians hastily passed such a bill in an all-party scramble to court minority group votes in the August election; it could be that the unanimous decision of the House of Commons was but a piece of window dressing meant primarily to enhance Canada's prestige abroad—that it lacked real intention to translate itself into reality at home. But the record shows that this act was not hastily passed, and no one who has studied the reports of the proceedings and of the submissions made prior to final reading in the House could retain any doubt as to the determination of the government and of the opposition parties to convert this Act into an effective instrument.

The parliamentary committee dealing with the *Canada FEP Act* heard numerous submissions, and received communications from organizations that did not see fit to be represented at the hearings. The Bell Telephone Company, for example, was fearful lest such an act might force it to retain in positions of trust employees "who did not pass the screening test," on the grounds that the ideology to which such an employee might adhere could be interpreted as that person's "religion." Since no prosecution will be made under the Act without "consent in writing of the Minister," it seems unlikely that such an argument would ever find its way into the courts. The question of national security is handled in Section 11:

"11. Nothing in this Act shall be construed to require a person to employ anyone or to do or refrain from doing

any other thing contrary to any instruction, direction or regulation given or made by or on behalf of the Government of Canada in the interests of the safety or security of Canada or any state allied or associated with Canada."

Another representation of interest made to the committee was from the *Canadian and Catholic Confederation of Labour*. This French-Canadian counterpart of the European Catholic or Christian union movement was fearful that the word "Catholic" in the name of their organization might leave them open to charges of discrimination under the Act. It was felt by the committee that as long as the Catholic unions did not, in fact, discriminate against non-Catholics insofar as membership and employment were concerned that the CCCL had nothing to fear. To allay such fears, however, the following subsection was inserted:

"(6) Whenever any question arises under this section as to whether a trade union discriminates contrary to this section, no presumption shall be made or inference drawn from the name of the trade union."

The most substantial block of representations made to the committee were those by labor organizations. Present with well-reasoned briefs were representatives of the *Trades and Labour Congress of Canada*, with which most AFL unions in Canada are affiliated; the *Canadian Congress of Labor*, with which the CIO unions are linked, and the *Jewish Labor Committee*, which is a concentration of Jewish unionists from both labor congresses with an enviable record in the field of human rights. It is noteworthy, in passing, that the only time during the hearings of the committee that normal parliamentary decorum was broken was at the conclusion of Mr. Kalmen Kaplansky's presentation on behalf of the Jewish Labour Committee, when the assembled M.P.'s broke into applause.²

Organized labor is mainly responsible for FEP in Canada. Both major labor congresses have standing Committees on Human Rights which work for fair employment practices at every level of government. A growing number of cities across Canada have anti-discrimination by-laws. It is a tribute to the *Canadiens* that the chairman of the standing committees in each case, is a prominent French-Canadian unionist. The aim of these committees, of course, is not simply FEP legislation, but the eventual adoption by Canada's Parliament of a full Bill of Rights. For them, accordingly, FEP is round one.

FEP in Canada did not begin—and presumably will not end—with the passing of the federal act. Canada's first fair employment legislation came about in Saskatchewan, where it gained approval as part of a provincial Bill of Rights

²Canadian Labour Reports, May, 1953.



¹Max Beer, "Can We Save the Bill of Human Rights?" in *Commentary*, October, 1953.

passed in April, 1947. Saskatchewan is still the only Canadian province to have passed such a bill. On the 4th of June, 1951, Ontario became the second province to guarantee fair employment practices; this was a crucial victory for FEP in Canada. Advocates of anti-discrimination legislation knew that here in the most populous and most industrialized province FEP would get a real workout.

After two years what was the verdict? On the reported word of the administrator of the Act in Ontario: "surprisingly . . . he finds that both business and labor have accepted the Act in Ontario." Further, it is reported, that "there is real progress arising from the Act."³

To round out the scene for '53, the Liberal province of Manitoba, following the examples of CCF Saskatchewan and Conservative Ontario, has enacted its own FEP law. Because of its failure to ban references to race, religion and place of birth on application forms, the Manitoba law is least satisfactory to date. It does represent, however, the encouraging trend of public acceptance in Canada of fair practices in matters of employment.

Canada cannot help but prosper from such a trend. Putting aside for the moment all human considerations, it is a costly business from the economic point of view to leave untapped the vast reservoirs of energies and abilities possessed by minority racial and religious groups. Canada's future growth and economic development, if this is truly to be "Canada's century," will need—and now should get—the full participation of all of her citizens. Undoubtedly, some will ask, "Can you abolish prejudice by passing laws against it?"

There is no law against envy; when envy takes an anti-social form and becomes translated into theft we legislate against it. There is no law against hate, but when hate is translated into assault or murder there are laws to protect society against it. So can it be with racial and religious bias. Prejudice cannot be made illegal in itself, but when prejudice is translated into discrimination in employment it becomes the theft by one person of another person's right to earn a livelihood. It is a proper subject for legislation.

THE IMAGINATION OF JAMES THURBER

(Continued from front page)

beyond this time is another pleasant day, for the shapes that appear before us in a Thurber sketch begin to look like pastry things—shapes that might be baked by a child—baked in wonderland. There is great tenderness in these areas of the sketch—the tenderness of pillows and snowflakes. We shall not understand the critic who describes Thurber as the "ugly artist," nor Mr. Churchill who spoke of him as decadent. Beyond these lines of childhood lie even earlier suggestions, as we see gnome-like domed heads floating in oval clouds. There are great (and lovely) areas of withdrawal in the Thurber drawing, areas where the animal lives perhaps all the time. One can be there with them and be happy. Mr. Millmoss is much happier safely swallowed up within the rotund hippopotamus than he ever was outside with Mrs. Millmoss. Of course some of Mr. Thurber's animals have their life problems. There is the cat that spends all its days in bed, looking at us. There is the police dog that broke down because his master every evening kept saying to him, "If you're a police dog, where's your badge?" And there is the poor bloodhound that began to think that someone was following him. In general, though, the creatures exist in a state of bliss. Thus they stand in the Thurber drawing, often

with a very moving delicacy and grace, offering us pleasant imaginative service.

There are interesting structural suggestions in Thurber's drawings. Here is the form of formlessness—the suggestion that there are no species, no real forms. And Mr. Thurber has encouraged this response by creating his own natural history. With him we look outward at a world which does not seem to have an outward structure. We have lost our Aristotle. We remember a character in a Thurber piece saying to his host when shown some Long Island landscaping where an elm tree had been moved at the cost of some \$200,000: "Shows what God could do if he had money." We remember a comment of Mr. Thurber's on the creation (joyfully made): The Almighty, making man, started up at the top. The brain was just beautifully done, and the eye too. But then weariness and carelessness set in, and that's why you run into all that trouble. May we grasp quickly upon such reference to say that it is possible to feel in the Thurber drawing that sense of dissolution of form which seems to have taken place some time ago, and to feel as well the free substitution of imaginative and symbolic life. The Thurber drawing is a most interesting gathering of symbols, floating over broken lines.

The short story, or piece, is the most constant Thurber production. These have been collected in the useful *Thurber Carnival* (1945), and in *The Beast in Me, and Other Animals* (1948). Another collection, *Thurber Country*, appears this autumn. In structure the stories range from the tight action of "The Catbird Seat" to the freer movement of the essay. Many are quick essays of the spirit. Most often one feels their swiftness. Mr. Thurber likes quickly spoken words. Formed as his spirit is in the school of association, Thurber does not usually allow to the story many measures of the formal structure which we find in the superb *Fables for Our Time*. Keeping some eye on his symbols, he carries the story along with separate steps in the quick style of freedom.

The themes of fear and frustration and defeat make a hard centering for these stories. Fear can reach the point (the inside kind) where you feel you are being followed by your own footsteps. Though Mr. Eliot's world goes to pieces, not with a bang, but only with a whimper, Mr. Thurber still will put his hands over his ears. In "The Cane in the Corridor," we sit with Mr. Minturn as he becomes increasingly uncomfortable as a friend discusses post-operative mental states. From deep down in his chair Mr. Minturn calls to his wife:

"Why can't we go home now? Why can't we go home now, Nancy?"

"We are home, dear," said Mrs. Minturn."

Thurber's things that won't work make a charming inventory of frustration. The princess will not accept the tin box. Mr. Mitty's car bangs bumpers in the parking lot. The interview with the great writer won't come off. Even Emerson popped in on Wordsworth, Wordsworth told him he had just broken a front tooth. And then he recited two sonnets, straight off, just like that. Final rules for those who are thinking of calling on writers: "Go away: Stay away." One thing which particularly won't work for Mr. Thurber is Gertrude Stein's pigeon.

"When it comes to emotion, a fish compared to a pigeon is practically beside himself.

Hens, embarrass me the way my old Aunt Hattie used to when I was twelve and she still insisted I wasn't big enough to bathe myself; owls disturb me: if I am with an eagle I always pretend that I am not with an eagle; and so on down to swallows at twilight who scare the hell out of me. But pigeons have absolutely no effect on me.

There is nothing a pigeon could be, or can be, rather, which would get into my consciousness like a fumbling hand

³As reported by David Croll, M.P., Proceedings Standing Committee on Industrial Relations, Monday, April 27, 1953, p. 167.

in a bureau drawer and disarrange my mind or pull anything out of it.

No other thing in the world falls so far short of being able to do what it cannot do as a pigeon does."

Marriage perhaps comes close. There are wonderfully painful stories of the defeats of marriage, such as "A Couple of Hamburgers." Mr. Thurber again is excellent in the description of twisted boredom. And he is a specialist, too, in describing defeat in depth. The reporter, who can't keep up with running gunfire, is put on overnight stories, for instance, about "violets growing in the snow" over in Jersey. This reporter finally ended up doing stories on the 150th anniversary of Washington's Crossing the Delaware. Then there is the scholar who, though he has read no modern literature, is investigating the causes of literary collapse. At a literary cocktail party he meets a fellow who, while not wrenching a tray of cocktails from a man in a white coat, tells the scholar about the literary defeats of (let us say) one Greg Selby—whom the scholar never heard of—a story which ranged from the moment when Selby started jotting notes on Kleenex and writing his first novel backwards—through Wednesday, when he suddenly stopped writing—and on at last "to those final baffling years on the peacock ranch." We see the scholarly investigator of literary collapse finally twisting on a sofa "slowly and with difficulty, as if invisible blankets hampered his legs."

But this is only half the story. Life survives the "touché." The real and full Thurber story is the story of fear turning into joy. He is one writer who has been able intelligently to carry happiness into our own time, and this he does by laying out the provisions of the imagination. The child, the maid, and Mr. Thurber are all abundantly supplied with the things coming out of a fairyland unforlorn. Motoring in Scotland, Mr. Thurber ran out of gasoline in the middle of a forest miles from nowhere. Out of the forest immediately walked a man carrying a five-gallon can of gasoline for his tank. "And why," a lady who was hearing the story asked Mr. Thurber, "didn't you ask him how he happened to be there with it?" Mr. Thurber paused and lighted a cigarette. "Madam," he replied, "I was afraid he would vanish." The child can see "the man who left town under a cloud," "the woman who was all ears." And Mr. Thurber and Della together look out into a wonderful world, where Della has one brother who has been working "into the incinerator . . . since the Armitage," and another who has just passed "his silver-service eliminations." At its best this is a simple world of strange beauty, where the newspapers covering the autumn tomato plants in the garden turn into a flock of white leghorns. We are not so sure of Walter Mitty's dreams. Perhaps Mr. Mitty is well bundled off home by his wife. His are very American dreams, and Hollywood exploited the gigantic in them. After seeing Mr. Goldwyn's version of this story, Thurber remarked on leaving the theatre, "Did anyone catch the name of that picture?" The American airman did find what was simple in Mitty's dreaming, and the little sounds of "pocketa-pocketa-pocketa" became during the last war a byword in the American air forces of the Pacific. The revolving imagination is constantly changing life, building it up anew. It is the seat of irony, where something is always turning into something else, death into life, the suddenly impossible into the suddenly possible. The stripped rookie becomes the examining doctor, *Macbeth* becomes a most interesting murder mystery. The accuser becomes the accused, the victor knows he is vanquished. The imagination is always providing the missing half which makes the man human and whole. The morning of Appomattox found General Grant sleeping very late in his old navy hammock. There had been quite a party the night

before—wine and wrassling—and headquarters are a bit of a shambles—symbol perhaps of the imagination's confusion before its act. Mr. Lee appears, framed in a blue doorway, but still Mr. Grant, in spite of promptings from his Ohio batman, is not too clear about what is happening.

"The surrender, sir, the surrender," said Corporal Shultz in a whisper.

"Oh sure, sure," said Grant. He took another drink. "All right," he said. "Here we go." Slowly, sadly, he unbuckled his sword. Then he handed it to the astonished Lee. "There you are, General," said Grant. "We dam' near licked you. If I'd been feeling better we *would* of licked you."

The imagination finds opposite, pair, opposition in a quick witty way to make a full whole of man's and woman's ambiguity. We think of the language of imagination as belonging to modern history. It seems to rise in the eighteenth century, whimsically associated with a strong Whig tradition of individual freedom. It seems to exist under the broad language of the Enlightenment. It seems to be the freedom the Enlightenment sought to preserve. Perhaps it is particularly the language of the middle class. The Romantics spoke it. And to their tradition Mr. Thurber belongs. Indeed, he keeps their blue coloring. With Lamb and with Addison, he wears in his writing chamber a blue polka-dot gown, and he allows General Grant to sleep in the blue hammock of imagination. This color and this confidence have carried Mr. Thurber through his impressive and growing career, giving a Sterne-like enchantment now to those early "Hard Times," and bringing refreshment now to America's weeks of soap opera and its weekends of football at Tommy Turner's universities. Thurber turns for us a free dial in Soap-land, when he can transform its slow tempo into something like that "vegetable time" of Andrew Marvell, early Republican poet of the imagination.

"Compared to the swift flow of time in the real world, it is a glacier movement . . . If . . . you missed an automobile accident that occurred on a Monday broadcast, you could pick it up the following Thursday and find the leading woman character still unconscious and her husband still moaning over her beside the wrecked car . . . Bill recently required four days to shave a man in the living room of the man's house. A basin of hot water Bill had placed on a table Monday (our time) was still hot on Thursday, when his customer stopped talking and the barber went to work."

FRED HOYLE

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Dr. E. R. Faribault

► CANADA LOST ONE of her great pioneer geologists on July 24, 1953, when Eugene Rodolphe Faribault, passed away in his ninety-third year. A pioneer in the geological study of Nova Scotia, and particularly in that of the Meguma, or "Gold-bearing," Series, Dr. Faribault retired in 1933 from the Geological Survey of Canada after fifty-one years of work with that organization.

Born at L'Assomption, Quebec, on November 4, 1860, he was the son of the late Dr. Charles T. Faribault and his wife, the former Caroline Leprohon. He was the great-grandson of Barthelmi Faribault, a royal notary of Paris, France, who came to Canada in 1752 as a secretary of the French Army under General Duquesne. The Faribault family was prominent in French affairs as far back as 1260.

Dr. Faribault was educated at Terrebonne College and Plateau Academy, later graduating with honors from L'Ecole Polytechnique in Montreal. Laval awarded him the C.E. degree in 1890, the B.A. Sc. degree in 1898 and the honorary degree of Doctor of Science in 1921. He joined the Geological Survey of Canada in 1885. He was one of the last living links with the early history of that organization, as he was appointed during the Directorship of Dr. A. R. C. Selwyn, only twelve years after the resignation of the founder, Sir William Logan. From the time of his appointment until his retirement in 1933 he carried on the methodical mapping of the southern half of Nova Scotia, that part underlain by the Meguma series—in which practically all of the then-important gold mines were found.

He commenced this life-work near Guysboro at the east end of the Nova Scotia mainland and, at the time of his retirement, was continuing the work south of Annapolis. The province was divided into equal, rectangular, areas, each twelve by sixteen miles, and at the time of his retirement, Faribault had published forty-seven map-sheets of such areas under his own name, and thirteen others in co-authorship with the late Hugh Fletcher, another pioneer geologist, who, in a similar manner was mapping those parts of Nova Scotia underlain by Carboniferous strata. In addition to his systematic mapping of the Meguma areas of the Province, Faribault mapped in detail the particular areas where workable gold-veins were encountered. Thirty-four of these were published on large scales, generally five hundred feet to the inch, and the areas covered were designated "Gold Districts."

The production of both the areal geological maps and of the Gold District plans provided Dr. Faribault with much data for study of the origin of the gold ores. He was the first to realize that the productive veins of Nova Scotia were deposited in the shape of a saddle on the axes of anticlinal folds of interbedded quartzite and slate. And he also conceived the corollary of this observation—that other "saddle reefs" could with probability exist beneath the exposed saddles and nowhere be in evidence on the surface. Much of his writing in outside publications was in advocacy of a program of deep mining to tap the unknown saddles that he was convinced lay beneath those being actively mined.

In the days when he commenced and performed much of this work, few, if any, maps existed, and certainly none of a standard to permit its use as a base for his geological maps. In the systematic mapping of the province, the drainage and the culture were mapped together with the geology. Roads were surveyed with an odometer patterned on one designed by Sir William Logan. Streams and lakes were mapped by pacing with a compass, the resulting surveys being tied to those of the odometer. Modern mapping methods have little

altered the topographic base of Faribault's maps even as present-day geologists can make but few changes in the geology shown thereon.

In 1939 the Mining Society of Nova Scotia unveiled a bronze plaque bearing his bust in bas-relief together with a short summary of his career. The plaque is in the Memorial Library of the Society in Halifax and replicas are in the several universities of the Province. The citation on the plaque reads: "E. Rodolphe Faribault, C.E., B.A.Sc., D.Sc., F.R.S.C. An honorary member of the Mining Society of Nova Scotia, his geological research, persevered in through 51 years (1881-1932) of meritorious labor, constitutes the main basis of present knowledge of gold occurrences in Nova Scotia."

In his field of endeavor he was hard working and a strict disciplinarian, but he was a kindly man and one who inspired great loyalty in those who knew him well. Although he worked with the tools of a young and undeveloped science, his results will stand for many years, and he will always be known as the Grand Old Man of Nova Scotian Geology.

LUDLOW J. WEEKS



Social Credit, he [Noel Murphy] said, was the only movement that would allow people to have their cake and eat it too . . . "Social Credit offers hope that is almost like the coming of Christ 2000 years ago. Only Social Credit with its policy of monetary reform is implementing true Christianity." (Vancouver Sun)

Montreal (CP).—Britain's spiritual recovery is moving towards reality, Maj.-Gen. C. B. Price, a past president of the Canadian Legion, said last night. In an address to the Royal Empire Society, General Price, also a war-time commander of the Canadian 3rd Division, said the pomp of the recent coronation combined with scientific and industrial advancements have enabled Britons to raise their heads again. (Toronto Daily Star)

Bears are so numerous this fall, they have invaded the village in search of food. Sportsmen should get busy and dispatch a few of these unwelcome visitors before going into hibernation for the winter . . . At least nine duck hunters had their guns confiscated by the game wardens in Hastings, Prince Edward and Lennox and Addington counties last week for violation of the game laws. Two of them were hunting with automatic shotguns that had been plugged and one was hunting with a licence. (Bancroft Times)

Trenton.—With one faction threatening to hold a mass demonstration at the next meeting of the board of education and the other claiming that it's all a tempest in a teapot, the controversy concerning the length of skirts for high school girls continues to rage here.

Mrs. Whitley said: "It's time something was done about it. Parents should hand an ultimatum to the high school authorities that the girls wear the uniforms about four inches above the knee . . . In recent years it's got so bad that if they don't wear their skirts way up they lose marks. There is a happy medium but some of the girls might as well have nothing on. Of course, my girls have lost a lot of marks due to my stand but I don't care. They are going to go to school looking decent."

Replying to the critics today, W. G. Spencer, principal of the high school, said the skirts are chosen and worn by the girls on their own initiative. He denied allegations that the school set the length of the skirts. The girls do it themselves. "If they go up, well they go up, that's all," he said. (Globe and Mail)

Mrs. Ruth B. Shaw, 92, of Hollywood, when confronted by three armed men, charged at them and began to slap them. She was knocked off her feet but the bandits ran sheepishly away and the old lady's goods and property were saved. When this magnificent woman was a child guns still blazed in the unsettled territories. She was reared in the era of undisputed free enterprise. It is refreshing to know that the welfare state has not sapped her initiative or her courage. It must have been a surprise to the gangsters to discover the spirit of young America in one so venerable. (London Free Press)

We know that all dealers realize that to fight such a bottle as we have on our hands is costing us considerable money, and we only hope that if you are not already a member you will send in your cheque for \$25.00, which will cover a twelve-month period. This will help us fight this bottle which we intend to win, and if so it will benefit all the dealers in Canada.

(Bulletin from the Ontario Association of Radio-Television & Appliance Dealers Inc.)

... people want and need the truth. Therefore he [Billy Graham, evangelist] preaches hell and damnation on the one hand and love, forgiveness and eternal life on the other. (Toronto Telegram)

"Now what do we do? A store opening is no longer just a store opening. It's a circus, a carnival, a mardi gras, a rodeo all wrapped into one. You announce that you are giving free margarine, free coffee, free soft drinks, free groceries, free washing machines, free radios, free refrigerators. . . . The manager doesn't dare to stand near the door on opening morning. He would be trampled in the rush."

"Out of it all," Mr. Collins said, "is coming the most efficient and the most attractive system of merchandising—food or anything else—that has ever been devised. . . . Nowhere on this continent is the development at a higher level than in Toronto. (Globe and Mail)

This month's prize of six months' subscription goes to Mrs. Clare McAllister, Vancouver, B.C. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

On the Air

► SINCE THE END OF THE WAR, beginning slowly and proceeding with ever-increasing velocity, gathering adherents as a ball of snow on a hillside gathers more snow and becomes an avalanche, a new phenomenon, in waves of sound, has been rolling in upon American listeners. And, if one may slightly mix the metaphor, this American tide has set so strongly that wavelets, even a few full-sized waves, are beginning to blast at Canadian ears.

The phenomenon is called High-Fidelity, and it arose from the discovery, first by a very few people, then by more and more, of one simple fact: if you are going to listen to recorded music, or even radio music, it is infinitely more rewarding to

have it sound like music than to sound like mud. Once this primary fact is ascertained a little digging, a little curiosity, soon unearths an important secondary one: that it is easy and relatively inexpensive to exchange mud for music. The two or three hundred dollars which an average listener can easily spend on a not very good commercial, or low fidelity, radio-record combination will, diverted into the right channels, bring that average listener better radio than he has ever heard, better record reproduction than he has ever dreamed of.

High Fidelity is, essentially, a matter of extended and faithful frequency response at adequate volumes. So that, for example, in a violin concerto one can hear the solo violin in all its tonal and harmonic variety, as well as, in a fortissimo tutti, the full power of eighty musicians giving out with everything they've got. In order to achieve this, from records, one must have pick-up, amplifier, and speaker which will, all the way through, respond to the whole frequency range of thirty to fifteen thousand cycles which record manufacturers are now, as a matter of course, pressing into their good vinylite discs. And which will accomplish this in such a way that, if the original orchestra in studio or concert hall shook the floor and rattled the windows, if the solo violin charmed and seduced you with its silken tone, the speaker in your living room will do the same thing, while still, and this is essential, producing sounds which are exact copies of the originals.

Well, for the sum mentioned above, the average listener can have the machinery and electronic gadgetry which will do all that. It won't be the very best obtainable—for the very best in every department he can easily spend fifteen hundred dollars—but it will definitely make good music, from good records, sound like music instead of mud.

Why should this be? Well, here's one example. There is available in Canada, for about nine dollars, one very good pick-up cartridge for which the manufacturers claim response up to fifteen thousand cycles—actually it begins to produce



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NORTHERN FARM (Linocut)—FRAN JONES

useful output voltages at about seventeen thousand. Now, nine dollars doesn't seem like too much money for one of the most important items in a three hundred dollar set, but hardly any of these good pick-ups are being used in commercial sets in the three hundred dollar price range. Most makers are still using much cheaper pick-ups whose response ends at about six thousand cycles, thus depriving the music of those upper frequencies and harmonics which give it warmth, realism, and, as they say in the trade, "presence."

By and large, then, this process of skimping, of not using a good component where a cheap one can be found, is in vogue all the way down the line, with the makers putting a little of the money thus saved into cabinetry and most of it into their own pockets. Once he knows these facts the average listener doesn't have to figure too closely to realize that he's much better off buying an armful, or a truckload, of high fidelity components and putting them together to make the kind of music he's always wanted. That he is coming to this decision, even in Canada, is indicated by the presence in Toronto alone of at least six large shops specializing in this kind of business, with most of them doing roaring trades.

Now, let's suppose that you are such a listener; that you've got your high fidelity sound system and that, from records, it does everything you hoped, and more. You then move on a small step—you realize that instead of feeding your good amplifier and speaker from the record-player you can feed it from the radio set, thus by-passing the bottle-neck audio system and tiny, tinny speaker with which, in all probability, the radio set was equipped. You make the simple connection, or get your local radio man to make it for you, tune in your favorite orchestra, and listen expectantly. After all, this is live music—it *must* be better than recorded. At first you are pleased—the more responsive speaker, the amplifier which has power and guts instead of neuroses and spaghetti, have both made a difference, especially in dynamic range. But you don't listen long before you realize that you're getting back to where you came in—the music again sounds like mud. The frequency range just isn't there, especially at the high end.

Perhaps, from the standpoint of comparison, you have real luck—you happen to tune in an orchestra playing, for example, Prokofiev's Lieutenant Kije Suite, and right there on the shelf you have the glittering Westminster record of the same work—the record which won the Grand Prix du Disque for 1952, the record which has been described by an eminent critic as "the best recording of an orchestra ever made." You slip it on the turntable and listen, first to the record, then to the live orchestra, and you turn sadly away—the music from the record is far and away better than the live radio music. What to do?

Well, there isn't much you can do, short of moving to the United States, but, and this is where I begin to justify the "On the Air" title under which these meanderings always run, there is a good deal the CBC can do about it, and could, without too much trouble or expense.

Good quality sound or music, in radio as everywhere else, is a matter of frequencies—in order to deceive our ears into thinking they're hearing real instead of electronically reproduced music, we must provide them with the full frequency spectrum up to around fifteen thousand cycles. Ordinarily—that is, amplitude-modulated, radio transmission, as at present set up, is unable to provide so wide a range—this has to do with the width of AM channels, ten thousand cycles, as defined by international agreement. Obviously a channel only ten thousand cycles wide cannot transmit a fifteen thousand cycle range, and in actual practice eight thousand is about the normal limit. So, though the CBC picks up orchestras

with very wide range microphones, and plays its records with better equipment than the average listener can possibly afford, what with one thing and another, including narrow range telephone lines linking the network, by the time the music reaches our receivers we're sometimes lucky to get a six thousand cycle band.

Is there, then, no hope? Are we forever condemned to radio music which sounds like mud? No, there is hope, and we are not thus condemned, if only the CBC will bestir itself a little. Hope lies in the method of transmission known as "Frequency Modulated" — almost universally called FM. FM can transmit music realistically enough to satisfy the most exacting ears, and do it with almost complete elimination of all kinds of extraneous noises. It needs, for its reception, a different kind of radio tuner, but this, when one already has everything else, is not an expensive item.

Now the point is that the CBC has, and has had for years, no less than five FM transmitters—one in Toronto, Ottawa, and Vancouver, and two in Montreal. They are listed in the annual report, but otherwise not mentioned; they have become, since before the war, the Corporation's almost forgotten stepchildren, dim though not mute satellites to the large AM stations whose names they bear, and whose programs they slavishly repeat.

I suggest that the time has come for the CBC to take account of the growing High Fidelity audience; that these FM stations should be, in a programmatic sense, divorced from the AM stations and, for at least a few hours each day, programed independently, with the kind of program material where high fidelity and wide range transmission count—namely, good music.

ALLAN SANGSTER

Film Review

► SOMEBODY ONCE SAID, "The odor of crime is often very sweet in the nostrils of the pious and the protected." There may be many sinister reasons behind this peculiar public taste. But, as far as the movies are concerned, it seems clear that part of the public's perennial interest in crime stories springs from a comparatively innocent enthusiasm for variety in treatment. Love as a subject for movie-making has been so hedged about with conventions, taboos, and the necessity of limiting it to a benign influence (which it is not always in ordinary life) that it has become a standard, predictable commodity. Death, too, has its traditions in the movies, but they are not quite so cramping; there are still several ways of looking at murder as entertainment. It can be taken as an academic exercise, like finding the value of X in an equation: Herbert Wilcox's production of *Trent's Last Case*, for example, which, apart from its ending, (altered to conform to screen-Love requirements), is a faithful reproduction of E. C. Bentley's famous novel. Michael Wilding as Trent, Margaret Lockwood and Orson Welles as Mr. and Mrs. Sigsbee Manderson are not very convincing as human beings, it is true, but then neither were they in the book. To your true detective fan, this is not necessarily a fault. What he wants is the clues, the deductions, and the surprise ending, which must nevertheless be logical. Consequently, *Trent's Last Case* is an excessively talky movie, and in terms of action, a slow one, because violence was the last thing Bentley was interested in. But the argument is all there, and so is the purely mental excitement of following up the clues. For those who see crimes purely as puzzles to be solved, *Trent's Last Case* should be reasonably satisfying.

Then there's the crime which is only important because of the effects it has on people who are innocent of the murder,

but guilty of other, more minor infractions of the law. *Strange Witness* (Angelo Tra La Folla), an Italian import produced by Mario Borghi is a fair example of this kind of murder story. One of its chief attractions is a little mulatto boy called Angelo, who is attractive not because he can act, but because the camera records very shrewdly and winningly his oneness with all six-year olds, his artlessness and his innocence. Fortunately, the melodramatic and comic situations he gets into in his adventures through the Roman slums only require him to register pathos and bewilderment; and these, being a child of great natural charm, he accomplishes without difficulty. Like most homegrown Italian movies, *Strange Witness* presents dirt, poverty, and pawnshops as part of the natural order of things. Its grown-up hero, played by Umberto Spadaro, is a faintly Chaplinesque police detective, who solves the case more or less by good luck, and with no shadow of moral censure upon those involved. Murder, in this thoroughly Italian setting, is a crime to be punished, certainly, but it seems to fit easily and naturally into the whole pattern of human activity.

Most murder movies, of course, pay scant attention to the victim, or murderess. But *Five Angles to Murder* (made in England in 1950, and originally titled *The Woman in Question*) turns the spotlight on the corpse for a change. Jean Kent, a professional fortune-teller, is found murdered in a rooming-house. Five people are picked up as suspects, and each of them gives a totally different account of her personality and habits. Her landlady, superbly played by Hermione Baddeley, describes the deceased as a perfect lady, down on her luck. To the old man who keeps the pet-shop across the street, she was a helpless young innocent. According to her own sister, she was a cruel and heartless tramp who drank too much; and to John MacCallum, an Irish sailor who picked her up at the fun-fair one night, she was Cleopatra, Isolde, and his poor old mother all in one. It isn't hard to guess that the witness who made the biggest mistake about the fortune-teller's real character will turn out to have murdered her. But meanwhile there is a good deal of comedy and sharp human observation in the characters of the witnesses themselves. Moreover, it is clear that the best murder movies, like the best murder novels, are those which illuminate human character. The piecing together of clues and the suspense are, or should be, only a convenient device for the betrayal of personality. The essential interest in *Five Angles to Murder* is not so much the identity of the murderer, but the incurably limited view which human beings take of each other, seeing what it is convenient for them to see, and ignoring what is not. Incidentally, Jean Kent's performance as the many-faceted murderess establishes her not as a great actress, but certainly as a more versatile and interesting one than you might have guessed from her performance as the schoolmaster's wife in *The Browning Version*.

D. MOSDELL

NFB

RUNNING TIME AND GAUGE

Pole Barns and Milking Parlours	16 & 35mm	14 mins.
Surface Silos	16mm	10 mins.
Forage Harvesting	16mm	11 mins.
Epidemic Foot and Mouth Disease	16mm	16 mins.
The Sexton	16 & 35mm	6 mins.
The Motorman	16 & 35mm	6 mins.
The Village Notary	16 & 35mm	7 mins.
Music Professor	16 & 35mm	6 mins.
Ground Crew	16 & 35mm	38 mins.

► POLE BARNs AND MILKING PARLOURS, *Surface Silos*, and *Forage Harvesting* were sponsored by the Depart-

ment of Agriculture and produced, written and directed by Larry Gosnell. They are designed to show farmers how they can save time, labor and money by improving methods of building and farming. Pole Barns are cheaper and easier to build than the standard type and just as strong and durable, and when equipped with milking parlors the farmer's twice daily milking task is accomplished more efficiently. Surface silos make it easier for the farmer to store food for the winter, and various ways of doing this without building awkward and costly upright structures are shown. Forage harvesting may be done by many mechanical and labor-saving ways, and the film describes methods of collection and storage. While these subjects are made interesting to the layman and illustrate their points quickly and clearly, it does seem a wasted opportunity on the part of the director not to have brought them to life by planning the stories for camera, dialogue and sound, rather than as a series of almost lifeless pictures described by the commentator's text. The farmers would then be entertained, instead of talked to, and far more likely to accept the Department's recommendations. *Pole Barns and Milking Parlours* is in black-and-white, which illustrates without further comment the lack of advantage in filming the two companion pictures in color.

Another Department of Agriculture film made by Larry Gosnell is *Epidemic Foot and Mouth Disease Saskatchewan*, 1952. With such a clumsy title one expects a disappointing film. An important, dramatic, and tragic subject such as this would be welcomed by the imaginative director as material for a graphic, moving film, but Mr. Gosnell did not, regretfully, grasp the opportunity given him. If he was at all affected by this calamity he does not show it in either film or script. There is no drama, no emotion, no perception, no enquiry and no imagination in his recording of this disaster. Just the usual matter-of-fact, routine and uninspired approach. There are no more than two or three living scenes in the picture: a close-up of a girl watching the stricken animals being shot, the scenes of the empty cattle pens, and the pitiful misery in the close-ups of the infected herds. The remainder of the film appears to dissolve into a series of shots showing the elaborate methods taken to disinfect everything after the outbreak of the disease. We see little of the farmers, their homes and families, and are given no details about the economic effect of the sudden crisis; but we are assured by the commentator that the Government compensated them. The color works against creating a mood of tragedy, the commentary does too much of the story telling, and one is left with an acute feeling of disappointment over seeing such a subject suffer from inept treatment.

The series, *Faces of Canada* so far consists of four brief vignettes of a sexton, a motorman, a village notary and a music professor. They are pleasing little studies (produced by Bernard Devlin) of men in various walks of life, and are ideal for showing in theatres. Their brevity calls for intimate, natural and concise portrayals, and in this regard their directors have not been entirely successful, the exception being *Music Professor*. No. 1 *The Sexton*, directed by Raymond Garceau, is a study of a sexton of a small French-Canadian church, who performs the same duties year in and year out. It is nicely photographed but the commentary makes the sexton a grumbling, reluctant man who seeks peace among former friends now buried in the church yard. This is not conveyed in a natural way. Also overdrawn is the comedy of manners and people in No. 2 *The Motorman*, directed by Gil LaRoche, an account of an Ottawa streetcar operator's work and the passengers he has to contend with, which would have been genuinely amusing without resorting to the overemphasis of character and expression. No. 3 *The Village Notary*, directed by Devlin, satirizes a Quebec notary, with the aid of a rhyming commentary written by Leonard Forest

and spoken by Tommy Tweed. A little too clever for its own good, the resulting confusion over legal details is as apparent to the audience as the people in the film. Characterization is convincing, the notary being suitably melancholy. No. 4 *Music Professor*, directed by LaRoche, is the best of the quartet because it does not strain for effect. Its portrayal of a tired music professor, who wonders whether his life has been worthwhile trying to teach children with no aptitude for music to play the piano, is underlined with quiet charm and feeling. When the pupil comes along with the gift for melody, his work brings him satisfaction once again. The professor's life and background are revealed quickly and visually, and the entire study is beautifully created. Sam Payne's pleasant voice complements the mood and the character.

Ground Crew, written and directed by Tom Farley, is another of the Board's many films which takes an interesting subject and, through indecisive treatment and a mixture of styles, reduces it to one of tedium. It also insists on hammering home its points by telling the audience what the camera has already shown it. The film's story is the exhaustive and thorough training which RCAF men receive when they enter the service to join the ground crew. The exhaustive part will certainly be felt by the audience. As is usual, the picture is made up of bits of sound, snatches of dialogue and too much commentary. The best sequence shows how a plane is brought in during a fog entirely by the use of instruments.

GERALD PRATLEY

Music Review

► *THE ENCYCLOPEDIA of the Great Composers and Their Music** by Milton Cross and David Ewen reads like a hastily thrown together compilation intended to capitalize on the familiarity of Cross's name and the unjustified assumption that his experience as a radio announcer on musical programs makes him an authority on music. It is surely one of the shoddiest pieces of work ever to be foisted on a unsuspecting music public, and such misleading labelling as the title of the work and the claims made on the dust jacket would, I suspect, justify a public investigation if it occurred on a can of food.

No consistent standard (except the exclusion of all composers before Bach!) is employed in the choice of composers to be included or works to be analyzed, whether in terms of popularity or some other sort of merit. The cover claims that the book includes "the lives and music of the 78 composers who have contributed most to listener pleasure," but on this basis it would be hard to justify Cross's exclusion of Sullivan and Bellini and his inclusion of Roy Harris and Vincent D'Indy, or the exclusion of Sibelius's *Fifth Symphony* and the inclusion of his *Fourth*, or the exclusion of *Così fan Tutti* and *Hansel and Gretel* and *Die Fledermaus* and the inclusion of Massenet's *Thaïs* and Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex* and Meyerbeer's *L'Africaine*. In any case, we are never informed over what period of time and in what countries the listener pleasure has been measured, nor, indeed, how it has been measured at all. On the other hand, the exclusion of such recognized, if sparingly performed, masterpieces as Liszt's *Faust Symphony*, Berlioz's *Harold in Italy*, Tchaikovsky's *The Sleeping Beauty* or Dvorak's *Second Symphony* (to choose some obvious examples almost at random), does not suggest the employment of any recognizable critical standard apart from popularity. In fact, the mixture of snobbery and anti-snobbery which results in the

elimination of Sullivan and Johann Strauss and Victor Herbert, and the careful inclusion of George Gershwin, is characteristic of the book. The authors see themselves as good sports and discriminating critics by turn, and even at the same time.

When he analyzes works, Cross's choice of what features to mention is equally arbitrary. His comments resemble the sort of program note that G.B.S. pilloried so unmercifully over half a century ago. Here is a typical example, which examines the first movement of Sibelius's *Second Symphony*:

"In the first eight measures the violins present a pulsating figure which becomes the accompaniment for the first theme, soon heard in oboes and clarinets. This theme has a bucolic character. Eight measures in plucked strings lead to the second theme, in the woodwinds. This second theme is worked out in detail in the development, in which various new episodes are interpolated briefly. A brief pause separates the development from the recapitulation, the latter beginning with a restatement of both main themes, the first by the woodwinds and the second by the brass."

At least a quarter of the work is taken up by such wearisome padding, pretending to be critical analysis.

What is more, the authors' critical terminology, both in the main text and in the various appendices, is as loose and imprecise and hard to pin down as mercury. No one expects to find in any book a definition or use of, say, the word "Romantic" which agrees with his own, but a reader might expect a book to have some modicum of consistency about its own use of the term. If that reader turns to Berlioz (born 1803) he finds that "Berlioz was the first Romantic in music." Turning now to Schubert (born 1797), he finds in the first sentence that "Schubert was the first musical voice of the Romantic movement"; and to Weber (born 1786) that "he was the founder of German Romantic opera." This game can be played at both ends: "Wagner (died 1883) was the last of the Romantics"; but Mahler (died 1911) was "one of the last great German Romantics." An encyclopedia written by only two people can do better than this. As for the "Dictionary of Musical Terms" appended to Volume Two, what can one think about an encyclopedia

*MILTON CROSS' ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE GREAT COMPOSERS AND THEIR MUSIC: Milton Cross and David Ewen; in two volumes; Doubleday; pp. 1009; \$6.50.

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which tells us of the first movement of the classical concerto simply that "it is more or less in sonata form," that skips Mozart in defining the *opera bouffe* as "an Italian comic opera, a form first crystallized early in the eighteenth century with Pergolesi's *La Serva Padrona* and which achieved artistic significance with Rossini," that repeats the old chestnut about sonata form having "two principal themes," etc.?

But why try to break a butterfly upon a wheel? Unfortunately, this butterfly is a thousand pages long and has the nerve to call itself an encyclopedia. In short, what makes it a suitable target is its pretentiousness even more than its irresponsibility. If it only claimed to be a casual *pot-pourri*, no one need complain too much about its limitations. But no. This book for the music lover, say the editors, "is an attempt to gather within the confines of two volumes *all the information he needs on every facet of serious music*" (italics mine).

MILTON WILSON.

Correspondence

The Editor: Your reviewer M.W. in the October issue was kind enough to review my book *Twenty-four Poems* and even to say some pleasant things about it; his concluding critical remarks, however, on poets and poetry in Canada in general, invite a brief reply.

Poetry is so little publicized nowadays that even critics and reviewers cannot be expected to have at their elbow all the thin volumes and unregarded magazines which might keep them up-to-date. New stirrings in poetry do not appear in gold-embossed volumes, and inquiry will prove that even the teachers and proponents of Canadian literature often fail to subscribe to the two or three poetry magazines in existence. However, the publications *Cerebus*, *Canadian Poems* 1850-1952, and the magazines *Contact* (Toronto), *CIV/n* (Montreal) and *The Fiddlehead* (Fredericton), as well as several other items of interest, would indicate that Canadian poets at the present moment (including your correspondent) are

doing a good deal more than writing delicate lyrics and showing their technical skills. A group of oil painters—let us say—of some notoriety which happened to put out an exhibit of water colors should not be accused of never painting in oil.

Canadian poetry of late has been very active in a score of different exciting fields of interest, ranging from Earle Birney's *Trial of a City* (verse play) and Pratt's *Towards the Last Spike* (latter-day epic) to Layton's *Love the Conqueror Worm* (something more than eclogue) and Souster's *Shake Hands With the Hangman* (better than odes). (These parentheses reply to your reviewer's demand for variety.) New names have appeared which herald a young generation rising: D. G. Jones, Phyllis Webb, Eli Mandel, Gael Turnbull, Avi Boxer, to mention the best of these. We poets would invite reviewers to be more energetic and sympathetic; to size up the new activity and to look forward with us with some enthusiasm instead of moaning (as I have heard a panel of reputable critics do on the radio recently) about the inactivity and lack of interest in Canadian poetry. We are now passing through a period which is even more interesting, if that were possible, than the outburst of new poetry during the late war years, and which is also more ignored, if that too were possible, than the earlier movement. Could we not have a little more effort and awareness on the part of readers in general and critics in particular of what is going on?

Louis Dudek, Montreal, P.Q.

Books Reviewed

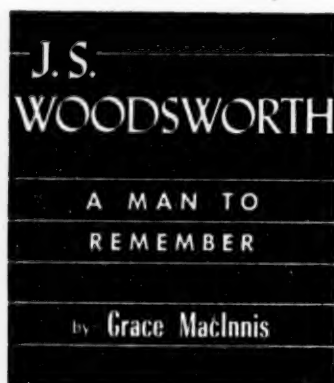
THE INTERNATIONAL LABOR MOVEMENT: Lewis L. Lorwin; Musson (Harper); pp. 366; \$6.50.

One of the most important problems facing any socialist party is its relations with the trade unions from which it hopes to draw the bulk of its members. In Britain, Canada, India and a host of other countries this theme runs through debates in both the trade unions and the political parties.

That this has been a constant source of discussion and controversy in the international labor movement as a whole is borne out by Lewis Lorwin's new book. Lorwin ought to know. He is undoubtedly the leading American student of the international labor movement, having written important studies of the French and U.S. labor movements as well as a previous study of the international central bodies of the world trade union movement.

Lorwin traces the tale from the days of the First International, which was an amalgam of both trade unions and political groups. This form of organization did not prove to be the most practical and in the next epoch, which opened with the founding of the Socialist, or Second International in Paris in 1889, a distinction was made between those international bodies consisting of trade unions and those which were made up only of the political parties. On the one hand there were the International Bureau of Trade Unions (which in 1913 took the name International Federation of Trade Unions) and various "trade secretariats" made up of workers of a given trade or industry. On the other was the Socialist International which, until World War One, was more powerful and important than the trade union groups.

After the war there was no longer a single political international. The Socialists and Communists each had their own groups, which fought one another with extreme bitterness. The result was that the trade union movement, too, was broken asunder, with the Communists forming their own Red International of Labor Unions, while the great majority of the organized workers continued to belong to the revived International Federation of Trade Unions.



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During the inter-war period the relations between the IFTU and the Labor and Socialist International—the name the Second International had during this period—were on a more equal plane than they had been previous to 1914. The two groups worked very closely together, as Lorwin points out, having frequent joint meetings of their ruling bodies, and joining to issue joint statements in times of crisis.

It was not until after World War Two that the international trade union organization came to overshadow the political international. The International Confederation of Trade Unions is an organization which is much broader than the Socialist trade union movement. It includes, to be sure, the predominantly socialist-inclined trade unions of most Western European countries, Canada and some other countries. However, it also includes the nationalist-oriented unions of Asia, Africa and some parts of Latin America. It even has within its midst Catholic-inclined unions such as its affiliates in Italy, Colombia, Costa Rica and the exiled organization of Basque Catholic unionists.

Lorwin traces the story of the evolution of the post-World War Two international labor movement. He tells of the emergence of the World Federation of Trade Unions as the result of the contacts among British, Russian and CIO trade unionists during the War. He notes the opposition of some trade unionists, and in particular the AFL, to the WFTU. He sums up the struggles which led to the split in the World Federation and the emergence of the ICFTU.

The Lorwin book treats with many other aspects of the history of the international trade union central bodies. For instance, he is much interested in the relations between the international organizations of national central labor bodies and the "trade secretariats" which group workers across national lines on the basis of their craft or profession. There has always been one current opinion in the international labor movement which would transform the international central labor body from a confederation of national trade union centres into a confederation of international craft and industrial union federations. On the other hand, the Communists have always favored subordinating the trade secretariats to the international central labor body, and in the WFTU have turned their versions of the trade secretariats into mere "departments" of the World Federation.

Although tracing the history and organization of virtually all the international trade union bodies, he is most concerned with the free trade union movement. He has a fairly detailed exposition of the functioning of the inter-war International Federation of Trade Unions, and devotes considerable space to tracing the activities of the present-day International Confederation of Free Trade Unions. It is obvious from Lorwin's study that the role of the ICFTU is greatly expanded over that of its predecessors. Its role in international governmental bodies is much larger; it has undertaken much more seriously to help the newer and weaker national trade union centres to get on their feet.

Certainly Mr. Lorwin's volume is one which deserves to be looked at by all those interested in the role which the international labor movement is playing in world affairs. All of those who profess to be "experts" in labor problems should give it careful reading from cover to cover.

Robert J. Alexander

SO LITTLE FOR THE MIND: Hilda Neatby; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 384; \$3.00.

Hilda Neatby's *So Little for the Mind* is sub-titled "An Indictment of Canadian Education," a description which is thoroughly and rigorously accurate for seven of its eight chapters. The final chapter, "Conclusion," is very brief; it is

Books for Christmas

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also very important. Reading this final chapter one realizes that an even more fitting sub-title would be, "An Indictment of Canadian Society."

Superficially, *So Little for the Mind* is an attack on the theory and practice of public education in English-speaking Canada as that education is directed by the provincial departments of education. By examining the official statements which define the aims of public education at the primary and secondary school levels in each of the provinces except Newfoundland, Dr. Neatby, who identifies herself at the outset as a "traditionalist," shows clearly that Canadian education is, in the main, "progressive education," i.e., an education consistent with the principles of pragmatic philosophy as enunciated (if that is the word) by John Dewey. Her subsequent examination of the practice of Canadian education—and here she relies upon the first-hand experience of teachers to supplement the specific directives of the official statements—shows that in this instance theory and practice go hand in hand. Since Dr. Neatby argues convincingly that "progressive education" is anti-intellectual, anti-cultural, and amoral, the seriousness of her charges becomes apparent.

These first seven chapters are addressed less to the general reader than to the officials who are responsible for public education in Canada: the "experts" in the departments of educa-



JOHN HAYDEN AS THE POP IN "AND SO TO BED" (Drawing)—FRAN JONES

tion, the staffs of our teachers' colleges and normal schools, and the principals of our elementary and secondary schools. Rather less urgently they are addressed to the teacher; less urgently because Miss Neatby feels that the teacher is placed in an impossible position over which he or she has little control. These seven chapters are addressed to the officials in the sense that they demand a reply. Dr. Neatby's indictment is so vigorous and her reputation as an impartial and highly qualified observer so distinguished that her charges cannot be ignored. It will be no easy task for the "experts" to counter or explain away the charges which Dr. Neatby has laid, particularly since her evidence is drawn almost entirely from statements made by the "experts" themselves. The only reply to Dr. Neatby is to rewrite the directives. If this decision is taken, there is hope that the claims of intellect, culture, and morality will be reestablished as first principles in every classroom.

In the final analysis, *So Little for the Mind* is not, however, addressed to the "expert." There remains the final chapter. Up to this point the majority of Dr. Neatby's readers will be in full accord with her views. They will have been delighted by her piercing but witty criticisms of a situation which they have long, if silently deplored. After all, what parent doesn't want his child to emerge from school with a mind, a sense of the past, a firm moral code? What then? Turn the rascals out? But, as Dr. Neatby makes abundantly clear, the "experts" aren't rascals: "as a class they are conscientious, hard-working, and devoted, struggling patiently and hopefully to satisfy varied and exacting demands by means, both human and material, which may be entirely inadequate." The "expert" is as much a product of his own society as is the reader of Dr. Neatby's book; we are all responsible for the situation which she describes. That situation is simply the consequence of our society's increasing tendency to interpret democracy as egalitarianism and to ignore the intangible and the spiritual in favor of the reasonable and the materialistic.

The "expert's" task, then, is relatively simple; he is required to rewrite the syllabus. The rest of us are asked to redefine the values which give meaning to our lives.

Robin S. Harris

WHO KILLED KENYA: Colin Wills; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 111; \$2.50.

On March 7 of this year the CBC, in conjunction with the BBC, aired the hour long documentary *Report on Kenya*. Those who heard this feature will be familiar with the name of Colin Wills, who wrote and narrated the program. He was sent to Kenya in January, 1953, on behalf of the BBC on this assignment, the result of which was a program, unlike the book *Who Killed Kenya*, exhibiting little restraint and devoting far too much time to propaganda encouraging sympathy for the European settlers who were and still are living in a veritable reign of terror.

Kenya must be a glorious country. Any country in transition must affect visitors quite seriously and Colin Wills was no exception. His book *Who Killed Kenya* is informative and important. In the middle of the nineteenth century the people of Kenya were riddled with disease, haunted by superstition, and afraid of their neighbors. The Kikuyu people composed far and away the bulk of the population and were a peaceful farming group. Their religion dictated acquisition of land, not by force, but by peaceful means, unlike the fierce warlike Masai tribe, who in order to maintain a reputation of fearlessness, took by force what they needed.

Missionaries in this period discovered the lamentable state of affairs and entreated with European nations to declare a protectorate over the region. It was England who finally

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Second World War.*

agreed to do this in 1895, one year after she had declared
Uganda a Protectorate. Much work was done in Kenya to
build a rail to Uganda out of which emerged a Kenya
relatively free of warring tribes with a chance to progress in
peace. In building this rail, so much expense was shouldered
by England that it was felt that Kenya must be educated to
produce. And so really began the roots of the trouble.

The population increased as fear of slavery, famine,
disease and war decreased. It is not inconceivable to imagine
how four separate farming families could live on two one
half acres of land, but is hard to imagine how this land could
be left rightly to the eleven male heirs and to their male
children in turn as custom demanded. And so, many natives
were forced to the city. There, well-educated intelligent
Kikuyu were literally unable to find work. It was a question
of lack of industrialization not of available jobs. These "de-
tribalized" natives who were able to assimilate hardship and
famine within the framework of the tribal society found
themselves with a new experience of unemployment and dis-
crimination on their hands in new surroundings.

There are some Kikuyu who can readily identify them-
selves with the West African. The Kenya African, Mr. Wills
says, has never reached the same advanced stage of social
development. It is this lack of a highly developed tribal
organization adaptable to a larger state-wide system of gov-
ernment that has held back self-government by the natives.
From these Kikuyu, who want self-government, the great
Nationalist movement sprung. Mau Mau was not the first
outbreak of violence in Kenya but it has become, because
of the conditions of the time and the presence of political ex-
tremists, the worst of all.

The British settlers are understandably upset. Their state
of fear and tension is naturally of great importance. They
have built the Kenya of today and it is a matter of time
before they stop talking of leaving Kenya and actually do so.
It is harder to understand how Britain could have under-
taken such a vast program of enlightenment and yet not have
anticipated and made provision for the resulting factors. Mr.
Wills has no solution but feels that the only hope in defeat-
ing the Mau Mau lies in the Kikuyu themselves, and our
faith in them must remain true. *Claire McLaughlin*

THE TERROR MACHINE: Gregory Klimov; British
Book Service (Faber & Faber); pp. 400; \$5.00.

The author of this book is a Russian intellectual who has
found political asylum in the West. An engineer by training,
he had seen front line service in the earlier phases of the war,
but on account of his linguistic competence was ordered to
enrol as a student in the military staff college of diplomacy
at Moscow. After the end of hostilities Major Klimov was
sent to Berlin to serve as a technical expert on the staff of
the Soviet Military Administration. When he was recalled to
Russia a few years later he decided to disobey orders, and,
with the help of German friends, crossed over into the
western zone.

The present book throws some light on a process of dis-
illusionment which many another Russian may have gone
through, but which, in the author's case, culminated in a
sudden resolve to break with his government, and renounce
his citizenship. Obviously, that decision was not an easy one
—quite apart from weighty considerations of a practical
nature. Although Major Klimov had long harbored some
doubts about the Soviet system (for this reason he had put
off indefinitely applying for membership in the Communist
Party), he was nevertheless an ardent patriot, and as proud
of his country's recent military triumph as any Russian. This
ambivalence of thought and sentiment would seem to have
infused into the writer's account an element of rationaliza-

tion. This is not to cast doubts on his sincerity. But in order to justify his action before his own conscience, Major Klimov may have tended, subconsciously, to exaggerate the wickedness and depravity of the regime which he had deserted. In some instances, at any rate, what he denounces as satanic intent may have been mere shortsightedness or callousness.

Another circumstance which tends somewhat to impair the documentary value of memoirs like this derives from the author's moral obligation to shield his friends from political persecution. To change their names obviously would not be sufficient. The writer has had to go to great lengths if he wants to conceal their identity. Dates, places, ranks and other such clues must be altered. Thus what purports to be an account of facts, by imperceptible degree shades off into fiction. This tendency is fortified by the author's desire to put his record into a readable form. Once again, Major Klimov's veracity should not be questioned. But it would seem that he has not always resisted the temptation to dramatize.

And yet, the literary qualities of the present volume are not outstanding. Not only has the original text evidently suffered under the hands of two successive translators: the very organization of the book strikes this reviewer as defective. There are too many digressions, too many "flash-backs" for the story to remain coherent. Perhaps it is time for publishers to realize that the reading public's appetite for "revelations," however voracious, is bound to become dulled, if the fare offered to it is of a substandard quality. In the long run, laudable sentiments will not be accepted as a substitute for literary merit.

For the rest, this reviewer has always inclined to the view that it is more important for the western world to fortify its faith in its own strength and values rather than seek comfort from seeing the weakness and wickedness of an alien system exposed.

Karl F. Helleiner

THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES, 1953: edited by Martha Foley; Houghton-Mifflin-Ballantine; pp. 494; \$4.00, hardbound; \$0.50, paper.

Here, beyond any doubt in my mind, is a splendid collection. Man and boy for nearly fifty years I've been reading short stories; in all that time I cannot recall a volume of short tales which for interest, variety, and quality of writing surpasses this one.

Here are stories originally printed in the great and important magazines of which everyone has heard — *Atlantic*, *Harper's*, and *The New Yorker*; here also are stories from the little magazines of which few have heard but whose quality is high — *Accent* and *Epoch* and *Perspective*. Here are stories by such well-known writers as James Agee, Tennessee Williams and Mark van Doren, and other stories by brilliant almost-unknowns like Mary Deasy. The book includes stories of horror and stories of humor, and of every shade of emotion and feeling beyond these two. It does not include, to my mind, one single bad story.

Here is one brief example, from the volume's opening story — "A Mother's Tale," by James Agee. The mother is speaking to her son: "Again her voice altered: 'All who are put on the range are put onto the trains. All who are put onto trains meet the Man With The Hammer. All who stay home are kept there to breed others to go onto the range, and so betray themselves and their kind and their children forever.'

We are brought into this life only to be victims; and there is no other way for us unless we save ourselves.'"

Perhaps, taken out of context that way, this passage hasn't too much impact. But read it again, knowing, as you do know

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Capriccio

Said the Clerk of Works, "Is the work of clerks
Marking drawers, not drawing marks?
Why! love is a landscape-painter
And lives are little larks."

Said the circus Swallower of Razor-Blades,
"I'm through (and hollower) with slimming aids,
For my only food is fanfare
And a few fanfaronades."

Said the Lighthouse-Keeper, "I'm looking a ghost;
It's miles to the wind-lass that I love most;
So I'll send my love by a champion dove,
The pride of the pigeon-post."

Said Funny Ha-ha to Funny Queer,
"O near looks far and far looks near,
But what does the distance matter
So long as the blur is clear?"

Terence Heywood

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at that point in the story, that the mother is a cow, talking to her calf who has been born to become beef.

Well, as I said, this is a splendid collection, full of genuine emotional impact and tales which will not only interest you, but give you violently to think. *Allan Sangster*

THE CONDITIONS OF KNOWING: Angus Sinclair; British Book Service (Routledge and Kegan Paul); pp. 260; \$4.25.

Mr. Sinclair is convinced that the theory of knowledge has a "special, unique and paramount status" in philosophical and scientific enquiry. He believes also that epistemology as taught in philosophical departments is thin and ineffective. But the situation is not quite hopeless: "however inadequate and misleading our epistemological attitudes may now be, they are in some respects much better than they once were" (p. 17).

The theory of knowledge may be improved in two ways: first, by taking seriously advances in other fields of enquiry; second, by explicit and deliberate enquiry. Although the latter approach is stressed in the present book, Mr. Sinclair seems not unaware of the significance for epistemology of changing patterns of scientific thought. In the best Edinburgh tradition, he traverses much familiar ground. But he also provides a fresh and penetrating treatment of such fundamental problems as the relations between language, symbolism, and meaning.

There are two tendencies in contemporary thought that shed light on the questions Mr. Sinclair considers: Wittgenstein's therapeutic positivism and Mannheim's sociology of knowledge. At a time when philosophers in the Scottish universities are characterized by a stiff resistance to new approaches, Mr. Sinclair must be commended for his intellectual receptivity. Sociologists and philosophers will profit from a careful study of this book. *John A. Irving*

Our Contributors

KENNETH MACLEAN is with the department of English, Victoria College, Toronto . . . LUDLOW J. WEEKS is on the staff of the Geological Survey of Canada, Ottawa . . . GEORGE BENNETT, of Oxford University, has been a frequent contributor during the past two years.

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